

Period. Merced  
County's  
Alternative Music/  
Art 'Zine  
Don't miss yours.

Period. 'Zine  
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Visit us on the web at <http://www.geocities.com/theperiodzine>

# Period.

Period. Merced  
County's Alternative  
Music/Art 'Zine  
Don't miss yours.

\$1.00 Donation

# Period.

Period.  
June Part II 2003

That's it.

Special points of interest:

- ★ C-A-N-C-E-R
- ★ Featured Model—  
Femcenobite

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## Warning:

This publication may contain views  
or images that could be considered  
offensive to some people. These do  
not necessarily reflect the views or  
opinions of the staff and committee!





## Editor's Note



Dear Readers,

Ok, seriously. This is my favorite issue so far. We have a fabulous new section, "In Film", which is extremely interesting. I'm really looking forward to reading more articles and reviews in the independent film scene. The featured article, C-A-N-C-E-R, is absolutely touching, written in a whirlwind of emotion... I was crying by the time I'd finished reading it. And how cool would it be to have a comic strip character created in your own likeness, as Femcenobite has? There's also a great article about internet downloading, wonderful poetry, an inside look at the "weirdness" of Merced and the central valley, and don't forget to check out Miss Twilight's luau!

You may have noticed that this issue is dated June Part II. We decided that since each issue is released on the 1st of each month anyway, it is a little pointless to date them so far ahead. It was just too difficult putting in show information, fundraisers and events two months in advance! This will make it much easier for everybody.

The response to the 'zine has been tremendous, as are the submissions. We got our first letter in our snailbox at the post office (see page 36). We had quite a few donations..... Every little bit helps to keep the 'zine going. Thank you!!!

-Cherry Cruz

## The Staff And Committee of Period.

### Staff:

Kandace Alistair— In Music Director

Sarah Bush— In Short Director

Cherry Cruz— Editor/Layout & Design

Angie Dubois— P.R.

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## Opinions/Views

other act of vandalism. It is up to us [in] Merced to take care of each other. Don't let thieves or vandals waste your money; this causes your insurance costs and possibly taxes to go up. All you have to do is pick up the phone and report what you see. It may start with something as small as a decoration on my car or yours but when they get away with that who knows what crime will be next and it will just go on from there. It all boils down to that word that means nothing to so many, but is said aloud often. RESPECT. HAVE SOME! For yourself and for others.

Oh and another thing... if you thieves want a Honda H symbol soooooo bad, go to the Merced Honda dealership and buy one of your own for \$19.00. I know it's not as bad as stealing one or as cool to you but at least you won't risk ending up in jail.

-A. Dubois

Dear A. Dubois,

Yikes! I hope you're feeling better after getting all that out. I'm really sorry that happened to you... twice. That really sucks. For lack of anything else to say, I'll just leave it at that.

-Cherry

## Ms. Consumer Says... (One lady's opinion on stuff to try)

Alright, for this month's product analysis we're getting' intimate... okay not really, but the product I tried out is a bit on the personal side. This month's pick is the *Vulva Vixen Intimate Massage Oil*. /Yeah, I know, the first thing you think about when you hear the words "massage oil" is sex. However, although this product is nice for those fabulous unions in

the sack, it's also a very sexy moisturizer you can use every day after the shower. I recommend only using it on dry skin, like legs and elbows. It contains ingredients such as cumin, cinnamon and ylang ylang in a grapeseed oil base. It costs \$13.50 for an 8 oz bottle, and you can find it at bust.com. Click on the link that takes you to



Vulva Vixen Intimate Massage Oil

their "boobtique"... yes, I said boobtique.

-Jen Steele

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## Opinions/Views

### 🍌 Ask the Editor 🍌

Dear Editor-

I hear a lot of people talking about "Respect" & being disrespected. If that is so important to so many then I suggest certain people should practice what they preach and Respect the property of others. To the taggers and the vandals out there: Stop throwing this word "Respect" around like it means something to you.

Why am I saying all this? My car was vandalized and I'm extremely angry about it. Put it this way I worked hard scrimping and saving up to buy my very 1st brand new car and the first day I picked it up from the dealer ship, shiny and new, I was so very proud of what all my hard work had accomplished. It was an accomplishment and [I] did this all on my own. Well, guess what? I'm a Honda owner and unbeknownst to me I became a target for petty thieves. Not six months after I had the car, some inconsiderate, low life thug decided that the H symbol on the hood of my car was theirs for the taking, so they pried it off the hood of my brand new car. I was outraged. I was also more financially burdened be-

cause of this as well. It was a \$19.00 part at the dealership but ended up being around \$80.00 with labor to have it put back on because they had to remove the grill. Plus most of us can barely make our car payments as it is! So, to the thief:



Thanks a lot you jerk! I also moved out of downtown Merced because of this, which cost me more money in rent and moving expenses. I have since gotten over the experience. Until recently.

I left work, got home and went to get something out of my trunk and guess what? Someone had helped themselves to the H symbol on my trunk and scratched up my paint in the process. When I called the Police Department they said this was a popular thing for a gang in Merced called "Homeboys Only".

They take those symbols and glue them to the dash inside their car as extra decorations for their car. They also said this is a common occurrence. When I called Merced Honda to get a replacement part they said, "Oh yeah, this happens all the time." The Merced Mall said it happens all the time in the parking lot. Every time I'm in a parking lot I notice many Honda vehicles with their H symbol missing too, thanks to some thief who thinks they are FREE.

Now my question to the community of Merced is that if this is such a common occurrence and it happens all the time then WHY ISN'T ANYONE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT AND WHY AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO SEEMS TO FEEL OUTRAGED!!! If you feel the same way and you see someone hanging around a car in a parking lot call the police; most people have cell phones now. Say hello. This lets them know they have been seen without endangering yourself. Do something because you never know when you could become the victim of this crime or any

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## C-A-N-C-E-R

Now that I look back, trying to recall dates and times, my memory fails me. I have no trouble remembering the décor of the room we sat in, as she told me. Nor do I have any difficulty in describing the view from the sliding glass door, overlooking Rubbermaid patio furniture and her overgrown garden. I remember the weather. The quiver in her voice. The silence. I remember gasping for air and grasping for the right words to say, to prove her wrong. To make what she had said untrue.

"I have a lump in my breast." The words, clear as

day, burned into my memory. And the right thing to say, the right word or phrase, magic spell or prayer, that would make this go away, failed me. And dates and times, they became the irrelevant details. Seconds were hours. Waiting. Days were weeks. Waiting. Hoping. Waiting. And when the waiting was done, the right words went unspoken.

As children, we believe. Without question, without doubt, we believe. In God, in the Boogie Man, in our parents' invincibility, but as we grow old, our faith becomes less and less unwavering. We question God (whatever god),

we come to realize the Boogie Man is nothing more than a shadow in our closet, and our parents- our parents are not the indestructible, untouchable superheroes, we had once believed they were.

Cancer.

C-A-N-C-E-R.

The word itself doesn't strike fear into your heart, does it?

Cancer- a malignant tumor // the disease caused by such a tumor.

The definition. It's not so awful. It doesn't bring

(Continued on page 4)



On the cover:

Convergence 9 in Las Vegas. Femcenobite, wearing an AMF Korset, gauntlets, and a neck corset.

See Femcenobite's interview and more photos on page 8.

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## In Short

### C-A-N-C-E-R

(Continued from page 3)

tears to your eyes, does it?

The reality. The reality. The reality.

The reality is hospitals. Waiting rooms. Sterile environments. The reality is biopsies. Mastectomies. A tube draining fluid from the fold of skin that was once your mother's breast. The reality is chemotherapy. Radiation treatments. Showering a woman, who at one time, single-handedly, balanced a career, two kids, and college. The reality is shaving your mother's head in a preemptive effort to beat cancer to the punch. It's cleaning vomit from the bucket by her bed. It's insomnia. It's lying in bed, waiting. It's watching her die everyday, over and over again. It's seeing the strongest person in your life lose hope and nearly give up, give in, and let go, daily. It's being "the rock" when all you want to do is fall apart.

The reality is a fucking nightmare.

Several years ago, my mother was diagnosed

with breast cancer. Prior to her diagnosis, I had read about it, I had seen Lifetime movies about women who struggled with it, I had heard about how it completely changes a family's existence, and these stories moved me but had no actual effect on me. So, I am very aware of how unfruitful my efforts in changing your perception of cancer would be. I cannot hope to make anyone understand. Luckily, this is not my intention. My intention is a selfish one. I cannot hold onto this. My mother's cancer has become my own. I can think of little else. My thoughts are overrun by fear and anxieties concerning her health. This isn't some made for T.V. movie. This is my mom.

So, she was diagnosed. It may have been four years ago. I had just moved back home, after my marriage had failed. She lost her job and was forced to deal with the lump, which she had known about for quite some time. After a mammogram, her general physician decided surgery was necessary. A

biopsy (the examination of tissue taken from the living body-her breast) was performed. Test results concluded. It was cancer. CANCER.

This led her oncologist (cancer specialist) to prescribe a partial mastectomy (removal of the affected breast).

I cannot imagine what she must have felt. Of course, she had the choice of whether she would have the surgery or not. But when it comes down to LIFE or BREAST, the choice must be life. Still, the decision was not an easy one. I was witness to her attempts to prepare herself for the amputation. But how can you prepare yourself for that? Losing a part of your body. Day in, day out, it's been there and tomorrow, it will be gone. I watched her cry. I held her hand. I told her everything would be ok. Who needs a breast anyway? It's not an appendage that we use for any specific purpose beyond breastfeeding. It isn't an arm or a leg. The removal of the breast will not leave a

of what is given. Many of us, as human beings, give everyday to each other. We keep giving not for recognition, but because the gift is **worth giving**, and having.

I know that there are things we need to do, all of us together to ensure that everyone's work and gifts are embraced and supported, and Genevieve's article was part of that. She is already using the art of writing to make a difference, and to give. Thank you, Gen. You are important and I support you!

I'll try to send you info when I know of dance performances, so you can post them in the zine, if you want to. There is magic out there to discover and expand our celebration of human beings.

Sincerely,

Kirsten Raven

### Confirmed Shows for the Month of June

**Friday, June 6th 2003** \*The Puffin Billies/ The Jabronskis\* At the Mainzer Theater, Merced CA\* \$7.00 \* All Ages \* Doors at 8:30pm\* Shows at 9pm\* Drinks w/ID\*

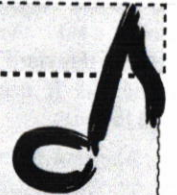
**Thursday, June 12th 2003** \* \*New Bethel/ The Like Young/ TBA\* At the Mainzer Theater, Merced CA\* \$7.00\* All Ages \*Doors at 8pm\* Shows at 8:30pm\* Drinks w/ID\*

**Saturday, June 14 2003** \*Jaglet \*At Trails End, Merced CA\* \$2.00\* 21 & over\* 9pm

**Friday, June 20 2003** \*Deriva/ Boxing/ Broken October\* At the Mainzer Theater, Merced CA\* \$7.00\* All Ages \*Doors at 8:30pm\* Shows at 9pm\* Drinks w/ID\*

**Friday, June 27th 2003** \* The Decemberists/ Norfolk & Western/ Tracker\* At the Mainzer Theater, Merced CA\* \$7.00\* All Ages\* Doors at 8:30pm\* Shows at 9pm\* Drinks w/ID\*

**Saturday, June 14 2003** \*Deerhoof/ Ilya/ El Olio Wolof\* At the Mainzer Theater, Merced CA \* \$7.00 \* All Ages \* Doors at 8:00pm\* Shows at 9pm\* Drinks w/ID\*





## Letter to Period.

Dear Period,

First of all, congratulations on producing such an articulate, interesting publication! It is needed and I was so happy to see all of what was included in the issue I saw, Issue 2. I can't wait to read the issues that will follow!

I'm writing in response to your article "Carrying the Dream" written by Genevieve. I completely agree that we need to see more women in different scenes and to hear their voices and celebrate their creations!

Her article made me *think* (Yay! No doubt the outcome she wanted?!)

And in all the talk about art and women in the arts, there has never been a mention of dance. I wonder why this is, when dance is one art that seems to be predominantly (at least in our area) participated in and performed by women.

I know, maybe because of the body image issue? Most people, when they think of dancers, they think of a skinny girl wearing a leotard and tights. Like some other misconceptions associated with women and their creativity, this is completely false. Especially in modern dance, all bodies and body types are celebrated in many incredible ways. Also, the dance studio is a place where **girls** are told you can do it, you are beautiful inside and out, you are strong and smart, you have something to give that is valuable, use it and make it part of you!

I have been one woman who has been creating and performing since I was eight years old. Now I teach as well. It's been hard to hear about how no art that is created by women is deemed valuable enough to be supported by the community, when I stand on stage and feel that indescribable connection to the humans in the audience and give with everything I have, and they receive it with enthusiasm. I am also lucky to have close friends that are supportive of me and my creativity. They have been to performances and would be able to tell you about dance and how it not only fits, but is a big part of the arts as a whole. How it allows for the appreciation that is desired by all artists.

My art is just as important and it too, has gone unnoticed by so many, even those who are so dedicated to women and their art. If we are going to celebrate women, we need to seek out ALL of the ways in which they can contribute. Whether or not we're treated just like the "boys." What's important is the art and the expression itself, no matter what kind of body it came out of. If we are fearless in our artistic endeavors, the recognition is secondary (although it is very nice). Recognition does not determine the value of what is given. Genevieve made that clear in speaking of what she gave as a girlfriend "with the band." The same applies to our art. Recognition does not determine the value

## In Short

### C-A-N-C-E-R

woman incapacitated. She is not handicap or disabled. Not physically.

The day of the surgery consisted of even more waiting. Hoping. Praying to a god that I doubt even exists. Waiting.

The operation went as well as can be expected. Her breast was gone, a job well done. What's to say?

The first time I changed the gauze, I nearly lost all composure. A big part of being a key player in a support system is being supportive. Encouraging. Optimistic. And I did the best I could but when all that remains of your mother's once quite large breast is a flap of skin, the optimism is hard to maintain. They had implanted a tube connected to a small decanter that would collect the bloody fluid that drained from the remaining flesh. I was responsible for emptying this container and changing her gauze. Keep in mind, I was 20 years old, not a nurse, and this was no patient, this was my mother.

The place I once rested my head. The place I found comfort, where I felt protected, connected, loved, was gone. We mourned her breast.

Soon after the surgery, chemotherapy (the use of chemical agents to prevent or treat disease) began. In other words, they inject poison into the patient, hoping it will kill the cancer before it kills the person. The treatments take hours. More waiting. Side effects ensue. Loss of appetite, exhaustion, nausea, and constant vomiting are just a few. Once again, the words themselves have no impact. The actuality is traumatic.

Radiation began. During these treatments, five days a week, energy in the form of heat or light is directed at the affected area, causing skin irritation - basically, a severe sunburn.

The treatments take their toll on the body and spirit of the patient. My mother, once an exuberant 40+ year old, who walked our dog before work everyday,

cooked dinner every night, and took trips on the weekend, rarely left her bed. Her face aged. She slouched. Her hair began to fall out. In an act of rebellion and liberation, we shaved her head. We made jokes. We laughed. But inside, we were filled with fear, sadness, and dread for whatever was to come next.

During that time, we were constantly waiting for the next hurdle, the next obstacle to overcome. After months and months (what seemed like years and years) of treatments, she made it.

SHE MADE IT!

The cancer was gone.

SHE KICKED ITS' FUCKING ASS!

The cancer was gone.

The cancer was gone.

The cancer was gone.

Approximately, 3 years after she won her

(Continued on page 6)



## In Short

## C-A-N-C-E-R

(Continued from page 5)

fight...

Everything had gone back to normal. I had gone back to taking life for granted. She had gone back to walking the dog before work each day. Until, she injured her hip. Months went by and it hadn't healed. Finally, her insurance (which, by the way, is fucking ridiculous- we need socialized medicine, people!) kicked in. She made an appointment with her oncologist. They performed tests. She had x-rays and CAT scans done and had a follow up appointment scheduled.

The phone rang at my apartment.

"Babe, they moved my appointment up from Friday to tomorrow at 2, and from 2 to first thing in the morning."

"What??? Why???"

I tried to keep calm through the rest of our conversation, knowing damn well why they were calling her in a week early. It was back. God damn it. That god damn, fuck-

ing shit is back.

I was up all night. Crying. Hoping that my fears were just irrational anxieties.

Her and a friend picked me up the next morning. I wore sunglasses to hide my swollen, red eyes, hoping to keep the optimistic front alive. We drove around collecting her x-rays and test results and ended up at the cancer center.

Another waiting room.

Waiting.

Another examination room.

Waiting.

Her oncologist entered the room, envelope in hand. He pulled out her x-rays, flicked a switch, and placed them up to the illuminated screen.

Beads of sweat formed on my mother's forehead.

"It's bad news. Isn't it?"

The doctor assured

her that they would work through whatever problems they were confronted with, in time. TIME. He showed us an x-ray of her pelvic region, pointing out the dark mass in her hip joint. We compared the healthy joint to the affected. Yes, it was back. I shielded my eyes, lost composure, lost the optimism, and left the room crying.

I've come to believe strongly in saints. White lab coats. Clipboards. Scrubs.

He scheduled her first radiation treatment. She started two days later. Two days. Chemotherapy began shortly thereafter. Once again, side effects ensued.

Skin lacerations and severe irritation.

Joint pain.

Stomachaches.

Canker sores.

Nausea.

Bleeding from various orifices.

Wonderful.

She completed her

## Cuisine Art

## Miss Twilight Presents...

Cut ahi into steaks about 3/4 inch thick. Pepper and salt steaks and place in a baking dish (touching each other). Mix mayonnaise, onions, and crab together and spread over fish steaks. Spread crumbs evenly on top of fish steaks. Bake at 350 degrees for approximately 20 minutes.

## Crazy Coconut Rice

2 cups basmati rice (white)

1 cup water

1 1/2 cups lite coconut milk

3/4 tsp. Cumin

1/2 tsp. Cinnamon

1/4 tsp. Cardamom

Cooking spray to coat pan

1 small red chili, seeded and minced

1 carrot, cut julienne strips

1 stalk lemon grass, cut into 2 inch pieces

1/2 tsp. Salt

1 cup frozen peas

toasted coconut

Place rice in a large bowl and pour water and coconut

milk over it. Stir and set aside. In a large skillet, heat oil and sauté cumin, cinnamon, cardamom, and carrots over med-high heat for a minute. Stir in lemon grass, salt, and rice with soaking liquid. Bring to a boil, cover pan, reduce heat, simmer for 15 minutes. Stir in peas, cover and simmer another 5 minutes. Remove lemon grass and garnish toasted coconut.

*HINT: To really make a statement, there is nothing like Tiki torches. You can find them at most home and garden stores, and often at discount stores. It is such fun to see your entrance lit up as your guests arrive in their white slacks, Hawaiian shirts, grass skirts, and coconut shells! A fun parting gift at this suare are Puka shell necklaces - try thrift stores!*

So the menu is planned and we need some music to "cut it up". The *Blue Hawaii* soundtrack is a classic. Elvis is the King, even in a pair of trunks on the shores of Hawaii.

A couple of other reigning surf kings would of course be the Beach Boys and Jan and Dean. Don't be afraid to ask your parents - they will love it! Of course let's not leave out some more recent selections, namely The Blue Hawaiians and Deadbolt. Any of these selections will get your party a rockin'!

One final tip before I go, net-

ting is an inexpensive and fantastic way to transform a backyard BBQ into a tropical paradise. Good luck surf boys and girls! Let me know if your luau turns out to be "the big kahuna"!

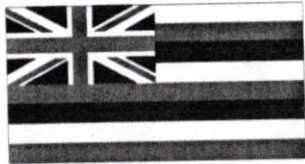


Toodles,  
Miss Twilight



## Cuisine Art

## Miss Twilight Presents...



## A HUKI LAU

Aloha! This tropical weather makes me want to throw on my sandals and some sunscreen, grab a beach towel and radio, pack a fabulous "luau" feast and meet all my friends at the shore. One might say, "Miss Twilight, what a hassle! I am not hauling my cookies all the way to the shore for some luau." My reply would simply be, you bring the poi and I'll bring the pig and we will do the "swim" in my backyard.

I would like to share with you some Hawaiian recipes, a few festive decorating tips and some music selections to create your own fabulous summer luau!

Let's get this shin-

dig going with a real party pleaser...

Ride the Rip Curl Punch

- 4 cups orange juice
- 4 cups guava juice
- 4 cups pineapple juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grenadine, red
- 1 cup ginger ale
- 3 cups light rum
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dark rum

1. Chill the juices!
2. Just before serving, pour juices into a large bowl, add the grenadine, ginger ale, and light rum.
3. Add cubed ice and stir.
4. Float dark rum over punch; do not stir into the punch.
5. Rip it up, Moondoggyl

*HINT: To create the illusion of the surrounding ocean, fill different shaped containers with water and floating candles. Flowers are another nice Hawaiian touch to have floating on the water!*

The distant beat of

drums signal dinner is served, let's see what is on the menu...

Lolo's Shrimp Pupu

- 3 packages opae (dried shrimp)
- 1 good size Maui onion
- 2 tomatoes

Soak opae in a bowl of water until soft; then drain. Dice tomato and onion. Combine with shrimp and add sugar, shoybi, and vinegar to taste.

Oh Lolo!

*HINT: A fruit salad might also be another tasty treat. Why not hallow out a water melon, scallop the edge, and use as a festive bowl to entertain the natives!*

Baked Ahi

- 2 lb. Block of ahi or mahi
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped round onions
- 1 cup shredded or chopped imitation crab
- salt
- pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup bread crumbs



## In Short

## C-A-N-C-E-R

(Continued from page 6)

16 prescribed radiation treatments.

I have a guilt complex. More so this time, because I am not there. I do not see it on a daily basis. There is distance. Three miles. Distance. In a way, I am thankful for that distance. And for that, I am ashamed. I was witness to all of this. I know "the drill". But I cannot watch it again. Not without distance. It sickens me. I disgust myself. She's my mother. I should move back home. I should take care of her. I should be there. I should call more often. I should.

Chemotherapy has been postponed several times. Her white and red blood cell counts have been low. The poison is killing the patient. It's killing the patient. It's killing my Mutti. And so, there's that old friend again, waiting.

Waiting.

I call her. She answers, her voice faint, ex-

hausted. My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach.

"Hi Mommy, how are you feeling?" There's that optimistic front again.

"Oh. Hi Babe. Not so good. I had chemo twice this week. Thursday and Friday."

The conversation goes on for about 15 minutes. We discuss some of the reactions she's been having.

"So, do you know if this is working?"

"No, he waits until the treatments over."

MORE WAITING.

As we discuss her potentially fatal disease, as if it's yesterday's basketball game, just another part of life, run of the mill shit, I find myself folding into the chair. Weakening.

The reality is a fucking nightmare.

The reality is a fucking nightmare.

The reality is I cannot accept that this is happen-

ing.

This cannot be happening.

Not the first time and definitely, not now.

Not again.

But I keep calm.

I keep up the optimistic front.

I keep drinking, hoping that I, too, can have a regular night out on the town. But all nights end the same. A swift change in my mood, my attempts at light-hearted fun turn to tears in a public restroom, in an alley, on a stage. All my efforts in avoiding this fucking nightmare are worthless.

But I keep calm.

I keep up the optimistic front.

I keep hoping.

I keep

WAITING.

-Kandace Alistair



## Femceno bite

### In Art



## “The Velvet Hammer Burlesque”

### In Film

When I was handed the promo card that you see surrounding this article, I wasn't sure what to expect. I thought it would be a film about a bunch of women taking their clothes off. It was, but there was a lot more to it than that. What it turned out to be was a very cool independent movie called *The Velvet Hammer Burlesque*, produced and directed by Augusta.

It was filmed at The Velvet Hammer Burlesque Club. It focuses on the world of being a burlesque performer. Before you start to think this is sleazy, think again. It is an art form. No one gets completely nude; it's all about the illusion of less=more. Every performer was a different shape or size,

and each person had their own reason for being a performer, and you did not have to be a stick thin Barbie with huge breasts to be a burlesque performer.

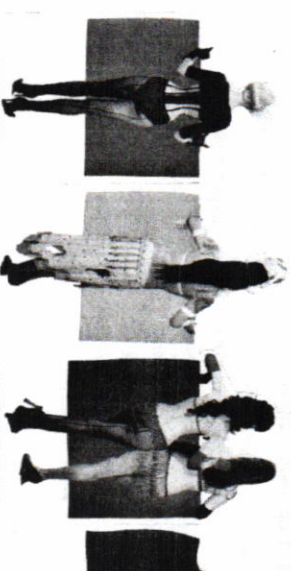
There were interviews with the performers themselves and they talked about how they became burlesque performers and why it was so much fun. The only rules to being one of these performers was that you had no fake body parts or had anything else surgically altered. Oh, and you had to have

a good act. Originality counts.

For example, I will never forget the scene where the blonde woman took a cocktail shaker, placed it between her breasts [and] used them to shake it up. It stayed in place while she leaned forward and poured two drinks. Now that's talent! But seriously, it was unique. She was a very voluptuous woman who was comfortable enough in her own skin to get in front of an audience and do that. If you're into the independent film documentaries you should add this one to your list and check it out, but don't take my word for it. Go to their web site to see where it will be shown next.

WWW.ITSACHICK.COM

-A.Dubois.





In Art

Femcenobite

Kelarella: First question...How long have you been a muse, and how did you start?

Femcenobite: I have been a muse for well over 3 years now. I started when my ex, Shelby Roberston, put me in his first 'create your own; comic Fem5. Then I was discovered by Rk Post on the Gothic Babe of the Week site. Rk and I grew closer, and as we grew closer he gave me more, bigger projects.

Kelarella: Cool... What's been your favorite piece that you've done?

Femcenobite: My favorite piece will always be the 'Magic the Gathering Card - Lightning Angel'. The detail is so intricate. Plus it looks JUST like me. Rk is an amazing artist!

Kelarella: Have you gotten to travel to any exotic locations?

Femcenobite: Not yet. The farthest I have traveled for



Magic Card

Femcenobite: Well, at the time, a lot of my friends had one. I used my site as a journal until it got me into trouble... so I just use my journal as a site update now.

Kelarella: Where would you like to see your career go?

(Continued on page 10)

In Film  
Necrobella's Guide to Cult  
Pics and Trashy Flick.

Faster,  
Pussycat!  
kill!!  
kill!!

1966/ 83 min.

Tura Satana, Haij,  
Lori Williams,  
Susan Bernard

Stuart Lancaster,  
Paul Trinka, Dennis  
Bush

"I'm pretty well hooked on the breast thing..."

Russ Myers on the Jon Stewart Show, when asked if he might move to another obsession on which to focus his films.

Life doesn't get any better then this! Three sexy-but-tough go-go dancers-saucy karate expert

Varla (Tura Satana), vicious Rosie (Haij), and girl-next-door gone bad Billie (Lori Williams) get their kicks by hot-rodding in the California desert. They soon find themselves enveloped in murder, kidnapping, lust and robbery, after a race gets out of hand. They end up on a ranch that is owned by a hateful old man in a wheelchair. The girls soon find out the old mans grown sons might be hiding a fortune... This is an exploitation mas-

-Necrobella





## In Art

## Femcennobite(continued)

(Continued from page 9)



*Femcennobite and Mistress Persephone give tribute to the ultimate Bettie Page photographer, Irving Klaw*

Femcennobite: I'd love to be itful and doing what they love the next Bettie Page.

AFTER the age of 30.

Kelarella: So what are some of your inspirations?

Kelarella: Yeah, I think that's great tool! (Being one of the older gals doin' their own thang myself). I've really

Femcennobite: My inspirations? Bettie Page is my influence. Julie Strain is another. My friend, Mistress Persephone, is another. [They] are all beaut-

noticed that there are a variety of ages and body types for some of the conventions and models used, which is great. Do you feel the same pressure

a "normal" model has to look a certain way?

Femcennobite: Not at all really. If I were to try my hands at being a Supermodel, well, Ex-lax and Ipecac, come my way. But for what I do, curves are WAY in. There are larger models than me who are more successful. Men like curves; not skin and bones. Damn the mainstream fashion mags for pounding flesh and bones into our heads.



## In Music

## "BAD DOWNLOADERS, BAD DOWNLOADERS, WHAT'CHA GONNA DO WHEN THEY COME FOR YOU?"

[www.musiccdsettlement.com](http://www.musiccdsettlement.com).

hits on CD Single. Towards the late 90's, this practice died out as labels didn't see singles as being as "profitable" as selling an entire CD to a consumer. Also during the late 90's, the mainstream music scene was flooded with boy bands, derivative one-hit wonders, and nu-metal flavors of the month. Many of the CD's that consumers were forking over \$20 for had maybe a mere 1 to 2 good songs on (the singles usually) and the rest was... well, ...

Also during the late 1990's, the record labels and 5 major music retailers engaging in some good-old fashioned price gouging. In a legal decision issued by a federal court earlier this year, the defendants agreed to pay \$67, 375,000 to states and consumers for conspiring to overcharge consumers for CD between January 1, 1995 and December 22, 2000. Consumers could have claimed their share of the settlement (or read more about the lawsuit) at

These factors and increases in technology have led to declining sales for the recording industry as a whole. So the real question is music and movie file sharing stealing? Is it hurting the industries sales more than the price gouging and lack of artists? Are the labels doing the best they can by offering the best options to consumers? Is downloading hurting the artists? These questions have been the hot debated ones in the past few months. The RIAA recently sued 4 Illinois University College Students for starting up file-sharing networks. Also recently, a federal judge in Los Angeles ruled that networks like Grokster and Morpheus were not guilty of copyright infringement.

Labels have begun their own "legitimate" downloading networks in which consumers can

pay to download music. The labels have also given consent to media giants like Apple to launch pay downloading sites.

So what does the future hold for file-sharing in America? It looks pretty grim to me. Politicians and judges seem to be bent on siding with big businesses and corporations. However, I do think that there will be a new harvest of "illegal file-sharing networks" over the next few months. I think that the RIAA and major labels should spend a little less time using downloaders as scapegoats for their faulty and sometimes crooked business decisions and continue to work on improving their products and music cd and dvd price points and quality to make them more appealing to consumers.

-Tobedwgy



## In Music

# "BAD DOWNLOADERS, BAD DOWNLOADERS, WHAT'CHA GONNA DO WHEN THEY COME FOR YOU?"

Downloading or file-sharing are terms that many people have become familiar with over the past couple of years. The issue made national headlines in 2000 when NAPSTER got sued by that rich dude from METAL-LICA. Since then hundreds of thousands of file-sharing programs have come about, creating a greater controversy with musicians and the RIAA (The Recording Industry Association of America) VS. disenfranchised music consumers and college kids attempting to start their own file sharing networks.

The major record labels are currently in the process of developing programs to prevent people from downloading. Some of the methods they are researching may not be legal. Others include using a "Trojan Horse" program that redirects consumers from attempting to download a song to a place where they can BUY the music

that they want. Another method is one that locks up the computer for minutes or hours and creates the risk of the user losing unsaved data when they restart their computer.

Recently, The RIAA has also began using programs like Kazaa and Grokster to send IM's to users such as "Stealing Music is Wrong [or] You can be easily identified and face legal penalties". Also, prior to new releases of CD's, for the past couple of years, the labels have flooded the networks with bogus music files of the new CD's.

Musicians like Madonna, Britney Spears, Ludacris, and Eminem have helped the RIAA stop "piracy" and illegal downloading by making public service message announcements. One with Britney Spears stating, "It's like going into a store and stealing CD's". Madonna

launched an aggressive campaign prior to the release of her "American Life" CD in which Maverick (her label) flooded the internet with bogus copies of songs from the CD with a nice personal message from Madonna at the beginning, "What the Fuck do you think you're Doing?" That plan however, backfired as the weekend prior to the release of her CD hackers hijacked her website and posted the message, "This is What the Fuck we were doing".

The RIAA reports that sales of music were down to an all-time low last year. Labels have laid people off, Music retail chains have felt the hit, and the artists claim to have as well. So, why aren't people "just buying Cd's"? In the eye of the casual downloader, it all comes down to options. Up until a few years ago, the major labels were releasing most of their radio

## In Art

# Femcenobite (continued)

Kelarella: Amen, sister!!! I think it's really refreshing and about damn time!

Femcenobite: Of course...lol  
<http://www.deadflesh.org>

Kelarella: Want to promote Femcenobite: Yeah. I'm glad your website? curves are FINALLY in.





## In Poetry

### Untitled

It was noticed, at least where I come from, that the nice girl often gets the bad wrap. She is blamed for love. She is blamed for hate. She is blamed for sadness. She is blamed for heart-breaks.

They would burn her on a stake if they could.

They might leave her naked in the cold.

As long as she keeps smiling. Her lips are always smiling.

But her eyes are lying.

Not always lying, but never really crying.

Don't feel sympathy or empathy for her. Just notice her like the girl you don't know who lives next door. Every morning, picking up the paper.

The headline read, "So you found out you were Holding onto the Wrong beard all along!" Associated People, not quite friends, remain quiet when she walks by.

Let the circle of our smoke taint the good girl's hair.

-anne infamous

Anne is from a regular town.

If you've ever traveled east to west

Or north to south;

If you've ever sat in a Denny's only drinking black coffee

Or shopped at a Piggly

Or a Food Folks or called a SaveMart SafeWay;

If you've ever been surprised to find a disco ball and

Dance floor above the only Mexican restaurant in town;

If you've ever wanted to steal your parents car and run away;

If you've ever loved your high school English teacher, then-

You know what I mean by a small town.

-anne infamous

## In Music

### Musician Tips

"Keep a count of exactly how many pieces you have in your drumkit.... ex. 5 stands, 3 drums, 1 snare, 4 cymbals, bag, sticks, drum pedal, throne.... .. And

-Kandace

"Don't show up late for shows; if really, really pisses the drummer off."

-Oleta

instill these numbers in the rest of your band-mates' brains."

-Cherry

-Cherry



*Jaglet* in the quad at CSU Stanislaus 3-19/2003



## In Music

### Musician Tips



"Do not play your guitar in between songs; it pisses the drummer off."

-Kandace

-Kandace

### Jagler's Survival Tips

"Make sure you mark your cords with bright pink let-  
ters."

-Kelly

"When playing a venue, make SURE they are providing a PA."

-Kelly

"When someone asks you to play a show on black pavement on a black stage AND don't expect me to in 160 degree weather, decline."

-Oleta

"Make sure you have plenty of picks and that your amp is grounded."

-Oleta

-Kelly (imitating the drummer)

"If there is another band playing after you, get your shit off the stage as soon as your band finishes the set."

-Cherry

-Cherry

-Oleta

"Make sure you're in tune with the other instruments and that you do a sound check."

-Oleta

## In Poetry

### 42 and then some

He likes em' young  
like fresh buds.

Untouched.

He likes to be the first

To stop and smell the flowers

of their youth

He had fallen in love  
with the West

and a small house on 23rd street.

uncut son of a-  
drunken mortician

find your haircut and Stratford wife  
in a bottle  
floating on the Atlantic

But not in this  
Velvet womb

He likes em' wide-eyed  
and too innocent  
caged birds  
waiting for him to let them out

-Christina Pearson



In Poetry

glimpse  
shovel in hand

Factories made  
roads paved

intersections...

east to west  
north to south

directions...

soiled gloves  
heady fumes

inventions...

perfectly unplanned

-Oleta Joy

Period. Period. Period. Period. Period. Period. Period.

Highly Recommended (continued)

of their earlier more raw, punk rock, less produced sounds. There is hope, girls!

3. Pixies: Death to the Pixies (1997, 4 A D) Here's another band that has really influenced my musical style. The true



Order (1995, Warner Bros.) The post-punk quartet that rose



from the ashes of Joy Division and surpassed the phenomenon that was J.D. Their poppy beats inspire dance in the most baked couch potato. The ever-so-popular, "Blue Monday", "Bizarre Love Triangle", and "True Faith" are definitely highlights here but this album contains no track worth skipping.

5. James Brown: 20 All-Time Greatest Hits! (1991, PolyGram Records) You think you're sweating? James Brown sweats mo' than any mofa I know. The Godfather of soul, the man with the funk, Soul Brother Number One, James Brown will definitely cool you down. Get out of the "Hot Pants" and into a "Cold



Sweat" 'cause "I Got The Feelin'" you're gonna wanna "Get Up Offa That Thing" and dance your ass off. Unnh!

Here are a few more greatest hits comps worth checking out:

- Blondie: Greatest Hits (2002, Capitol)
- Ramones: Mania (1988, Sire)
- The Smiths: Singles (1995, Warner Music)

So what? Yes, I am just as guilty as the rest of you bums. I catch the "summer sloth" too. You'll thank me later. You will. OK, maybe you won't. Enjoy.

-Kandace Allstair







## In Poetry

### Back and up until Then

Love does not drop out of the sky  
like jack falling from bean stock  
Adorning you with steamy candle lit bolts  
Not wearing rose bouquets

spewing prose -

profound affirmations of loves passionate and lustful wrath.  
Nor sits dreamy full moon nights at low most contemplating  
your togetherness and the foreverness

this love will invest

in your future.

Love does not ride a white fucking stallion,

Save you from towering towers, evil foes, sadness, your parents, especially not from yourself.

Love was never embodied in a fairy tale.

#### II

Oh,

the fire burns now to angry embers.

Old smoldering hot aggression,

In orange frustration,

choking under a charcoal passiveness.

Under tact.

Under the logs of love that are too wet to catch.

Moist with the rising steam of resentment,

when the fire blows out

and the coals burn low.

#### III

We were starving!

Tired with hunger.

So we built a feast for King and Queen.

Delicate, savory, oh, so tender, so smooth,

rhythmic.

So wild with anticipation,

solve embarrassed my lips.

Whipping shamefully from them,

## Why much of life sucks...



*Pet Peeves.....so many, so little time...*

5-13-03

**Movie Previews.** If any of you know me, I'm sure you are not new to this rampage of mine. I'm an ass about [it]. I'm annoying about it. But, if there is one thing that bothers me more, it is movie previews.

If I see a movie, I want to experience every new moment. Not something that has been played over and over and over again, leaving nothing to be excited about.

My favorite example is when the X-Files movie came out. I'm a big fan of X-Files and I was SUPER excited about the movie. I was on preview vigilance. Everyone who was near me was not allowed to watch the preview either for fear they would insinuate something and I would get disappointed in the movie. (Trust me, it's happened before)

Well, it worked. Oleta & I were sitting in the movie theater completely enthralled, and when the end action sequence comes up, she and I are gasping...on the edge of our seats. People look at us like we've lost our mind? Why? I found out later.

Once I've finished a movie I watch the previews, because I've already seen it so it can't ruin anything. Guess what part they had been showing....yup you've guessed it... the action part.

It's like the movie prices keep going up and up, and audience get smaller and smaller, but if you watch the previews why go watch the movie at all? The jokes will be stale, the action will seem staged, and the plot overblown.

This is what I propose. Stop making million dollar ads that get attached to the consumer price of a ticket. SLASH and I mean SLASH the price of movie tix, and voila...bigger audiences w/o the expense of advertising. People could take chances on movies if they were cheap enough, and I'm sure people would discover movies they may have never "wasted" there money on just because they were broke so why not see a movie.

You can visit Katarella's Guide to Merced Life at: <http://home.earthlink.net/~kellyjaglet>





## In Short

### How Strong I Am.....

So many people see me as a strong person inside. I, myself, feel like a strong person. But I'm not.

A strong person has the guts to slap a person across the face when they try to molest you after walking you to your car at night. A strong person has the guts to file a complaint with the college at which it happened. A strong person would not worry about what other people think if they knew it happened. A strong person would not feel like they could have been the cause of it all in the first place.

I am outraged that I am so gutless. I am outraged that I won't go back to my class because of what happened to me. I am outraged that I don't want my husband to find out what happened to me, for fear he would blame me somehow, or go hunt the guy down, or not want me to finish the college semester. I feel like a chickenshit woman, a hypocrite who

would force one of my buddies to pursue a course of action, but would be pissed if they did it to me. Because I know they're right. I am the reason that there are some men out there who will sexually attack a woman and get away with it. Instead, here I sit dwelling on it, hoping it will go away. And it will.

I'll soon go back to the face of a person who is confident and sure of herself. I already have. I'll go back to trying to lighten someone's mood who has had a terrible day. I already have. I'll work on making people like me even more; concentrate on my music, art, and life so that no one knows my vertebrae can be nonexistent when it really counts. That is how I feel. That is what that fucker did to me. And so many men and women go through the same thing every day. Many men won't admit their women beat on them for fear of ridicule. Many women put up with abuse

because of guilt and fear.

I am not afraid, not at all. I could pick up my books and march back into class right this second if I wanted to. I could look this guy straight in the face and acknowledge everything or acknowledge everything. I just don't want to. I'd rather not deal with it. It will go away. That is how strong I am.

- AnonyKhat



## In Poetry

my tongue hung out like a dog.  
 Wrapped in your own fever,  
 burning for your own warmth,  
 our plate was swallowed whole, and I left hungry.  
 The fire burns low.

### IV

We all live with our own choices.  
 Suffering silently.  
 Quietly pressed low,  
 suffocating under pride vs. shame

### vs.

the need to let everything burst forth in gusts of  
 tribal, indigenous, primal,  
 cat calls.

Indecipherable to the written language  
 yet fluently comprehensible  
 coursing through the blood.

Bite your lip.

Hold back the flood.

### V

True pain settles in the bones.  
 Like subtle winter aches, dull, gnawing and raw.

A rusty nail feeling,  
 drug across an open wound.  
 The nauseous twist in your belly  
 after being kicked in your balls.  
 weakening, paralyzing,  
 intensity.

Your heart is the size of your fist.  
 Mine are strong, broad and wide.  
 too bad I've got weak wrist  
 on the underside.

K.T.A.

(copyright 03)



## In Poetry

### A Moment's thoughts about Life

As i write this, on me crawls a red ant,  
And as i wrote that i heard a crow shriek.  
What tragedy has God chosen to plant,  
Of what bad to come do these to me speak?

From my dark fate my mind starts to wonder,  
To thoughts of love and what love really means;  
Then on the future my thoughts do ponder;  
The paradox emotions nature brings.

Fear again!--the ant--yet it has not bit;  
From the ground to the bench i move to sit.

-KAruka



*acrylic, watercolor, ink, and flowers by Adrian Garcia*

## In Short

### Merced means "Mercy" in Spanish

"orgies". No kidding.

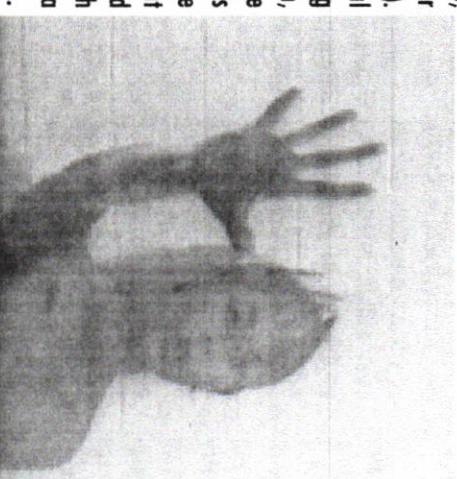
It turns out that Condit was having an affair with a Seattle-based stewardess name

Anne Marie Smith (no, not the one with her own reality show).

Smith gave several interviews, including one to Scotsman.com, where she spilled the beans about Condit's sexual habits. She stated publicly that "what Condit wanted was to have sex with me while he'd be in a full leather get-up... chest harness and various buckles and bows. And he wanted an audience- all male." Now that is what I call representative democracy! I wonder how much of his audience was local. We might be able to find out with a quick call to the local Rotary club. Hardy har.

Do you see what I am getting at? This is not the type of

story that local boosters want to put on a bumper sticker. "Welcome to Merced where we sent Mr. Smith to Washington and he returned home a crazed sex fiend!"



Sacramento and Bakersfield. Remember that the largest chapter of the Ku Klux Klan outside of the Deep South is based in Mariposa. And remember, movie fans, the woman hacked to death in the Psycho shower scene, Janet Leigh, was born in Mercy hospital.

Proof of the nexus? Who knows. But as Donnie Rumsfeld said as we were getting ready to tear apart Iraq in order to find all their dangerous chemicals, "Absence of evidence is not evidence of absence".

-Bob, Seattle, WA



## In Short

### Merced means "Mercy" in Spanish

No one who I ever knew in Merced ever wanted to talk about the fact that the town is utterly bizarre. No, not cute and cuddly Kramer strange. Not quirky and endearing. It has a weird Manson family-like vibe to the place.

Think about it for a second. Strange and disturbing media stories spread from the Merced/Central Valley area like SARS on a 747. Like herpes on a pirate ship. Like VD in a disco.

Go back to recent history. Look at the examples of Steven and Cary Strayner, Gary Condit and Chandra Levy. These stories are tailor made for People magazine [and] the National Enquirer.

In our age of Anthrax, Saddam Hussein, and the never ending Bush family, the Cen-

tral Valley has emerged as a Petri dish for David Lynch-like news reports. Sandwiched between the duct-tape features and reports on David Letterman's shingles, the rest of the country is forced fed a steady diet of the absurdity of these true crime sagas.

"Don't believe the hype." Yeah, that is what Public Enemy said, but after a while you start to wonder. Maybe, just maybe, the Merced area is a nexus for all that is sensational and titillating. All those stories that America needs in the new color coded era. Do you want some indication of this nexus? It is not for the faint of heart or those lacking the faith. Continue reading.

You remember good old Gary "Blue Dog Democrat" Condit, don't you? Ah yes, the great white hope of the Merced/Modesto/Ceres area.

A conservative Democrat so bland that he gave empty suits a bad name. In the summer of 2001, before Bin Laden and his boys took down the World Trade, the entire nation was entranced with Gary and his relationship with the missing intern Chandra Levy. Remember when he gave that wacko interview with Connie Chung? You know, the one where Gary defended his association with a Ceres motorcycle gang. (Ok, so maybe he's an empty leather jacket.) In that interview Condit acted combative with Connie and had a look in his eye like he had just been bitten by Cujo.

Alright, I know what you are saying. Gee, a Congressman who sleeps around, that is about as unusual as a Bush tax cut for billionaires, so fucking what? Here is a little fun activity for those who can surf the web. Go to Google and type in "Condit" and

## In Poetry

### Jessica's Tape

I remember a time not too long ago.  
When life wasn't so bad, and my mother actually cared about me.  
But only when the camera was rolling.  
She hugged and kissed my dad and only him.  
And tucked me in at night.  
But only when the camera was rolling.  
Behind the curtains of reality, her true colors showed.  
Her selfishness, ignorance, and lack of love glowed.  
But when the little red light wasn't blinking, she shoved me aside.  
Bought me gifts every so often to make up for the love and friendship that wasn't there.  
But now I'm older, mom.  
I'm all grown up, mom.  
I can see past the curtains, past your costume, and past the camera.  
Now you're crying, mom.  
You're going to him for comfort, mom.  
And now, for the first time, I don't care.  
I've grown numb to you, mother.  
To your fakeness and your shit.  
To the hugs and kisses that were meaningless.  
To everything you ever pretended to do for me.  
You've taught me well, mom.  
Taught me how to see people's true side.  
How to truly hate someone.  
How to be ignorant and selfish.  
How to leave my partner for another and expect it to be all right.  
And next time, when the cameras are rolling, I hope you're just as fake as always.  
So no one has to see what I saw.  
Hear what I heard.  
Feel what I felt.  
So they don't have to smile and laugh when they really want to cry on someone's shoulder.  
So thank you, mom.  
But don't cry now.  
Don't show any emotion.  
Don't go weeping to him.  
Smile, mom.  
Because the camera is rolling.

-TaTa



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**TRAIL'S END**

432 W. MAIN ST, MERCED CA



**and one anonymous SAINT...**

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